

The nine Worthies of London

Explayning the ho-  
nourable exercise of Armes, the  
*vertues of the valiant, and the*  
memorable attempts of  
*magnanimious minds.*

PLEASANT FOR GENTLE-  
men, not vnseemely for Magistrates,  
and most profitable for  
Prentises.

*Compiled by Richard Iohnson.* R



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frey Lownes, and are to be sold at his shop at  
*the west doore of Paules. 1592.*



To the right Honourable sir Wil-  
liam Webbe Knight, Lord Maier  
of the famous Citie of London, Ri-  
chard Iohnson, wisbeth health,  
with increase of  
honour.

**B**EING not altogether  
(right honorable) vnac-  
quainted with the same  
of this wel gouerned ci-  
tie, the heade of our  
English flourishing com-  
mon wealth: I thought  
nothing (considering it somewhat tou-  
ched my dutie) could be more accepta-  
ble to your Honour, then such principles  
as first grounded the same as well by do-  
mesticall policie of peace, as forraigne ex-  
cellence in resolution of warre. This cau-  
sed me to collect from our London gar-  
dens, such especiall flowers, that fauoured  
as well in the wrath of Winter, as in the  
pride of Sommer, keeping one equivo-  
lence at all kinde of seasons. Flowers of  
chivalrie (right honorable I meane) some  
that haue sucked honie frō the Bee, sweet-  
ness



## THE EPISTLE.

nesse from warre, and were possessed in that high place of prudence, wherof your Lordship now partaketh. Other some that haue beene more inferiour members, and yet haue giuen especial ayde to the head, beene buckler to the best, and therby reached to the aspiring toppe of armes : If your Lordship shall but like of it, proceeding from the barren braine of a poore apprentice, that dare not promise moulhills, much lesse mountaines, I shall thinke this by-exercise, which I vndertooke to expell idlenesse, a worke of worth, whatsoeuer the gentle could kind, that are vngently inkindled, shall with ostentation inueigh. These (right Honorable) the *nine Worthies of London*, now vnable to defend themselves, seeke their protection vnder your gracious fauour : and the Authour pricked on by *Fame*, to be patronagde for his willing labour, whereof not misdoubting, I humbly commit your Honour to the defence of heauen, and the guider of all iust equalitie:

Your L. in all humble dutie to be commaunded.

*Richard Iohnson.*



To the Gentlemen Readers, as well  
Prentices as others.



**A**L is not gold (Gentlemen) that glisters, nor all drosse that makes but a darke shew: so should copper some time be currant, & pearles of no price. Aescop for all his crutchback, had a quick wit. Cleanthes, though in the night he caried the watertankard, yet in the day would dispute with Philosophers. A meane man may look vpon a king, and a wren build her nest by an Egle. In the games of Olympus, any man might trie his strength: and when Apelles liued others were not forbid to paint: So gentlemen, though now a dayes many great Poets flourish (from whose eloquent workes you take both pleasure and profite) yet I trust inferiours (whose pens dare not compare with Apollos) shall not bee contemned or put to silence. Euery weede hath his vertue, & studious trauaile (though without skill) may manifest good will. Vouchsafe then intertainment to this new come guest, his simple truth shewes he is without deceyte, and his plaine speech proues, he flatters not. He can

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To the Reader.

not boast of Art, nor claime the priuiledge of  
scholasticall cunning: What he sayth is not cu-  
rious, being without any great prameditation,  
or practise, more then his necessarie affaires  
would permit. If his unpollished discourses  
may merit the least motion of your good liking,  
let the enuious fret, and the captious malice  
melt themselues, neither the obiection of Me-  
chanicall, by such as are themselues diaboli-  
call, whose vicious basenesse in a selfe con-  
ceyte presuming aboue the best, is in deede but  
the dregges and refuse of the worst, nor the re-  
proch of prouerbiall scoffes as (Ne sutor ultra  
crepidam) shall discourage me from proceeding  
to inuent how further to content you. And so  
trusting to my fortune, and ending in my hap,  
neither dispairing of your censures, nor  
fearing what the maleuolent  
can inflict.

Yours to commaund as he may.

Richard Iohnson.

**A Catalogue or briefe Table, declaring  
the names of these Worthie men,  
and when they liued.**

- First. *Sir William Walworth* Fishmonger, in the  
time of *Richard* the second.
- Second. *Sir Henrie Pitchard* Vintener, in the time  
of *Edward* the third.
- Third. *Sir William Seuenoake* Grocer, in the time  
of *Henrie* the fift.
- Fourth. *Sir Thomas White* Marchant-tailer, in the  
time of *Queene Marie*.
- Fift. *Sir John Bonham* Mercer, in the time of *Ed-*  
*ward* the first.
- Sixt. *Sir Christopher Coker* Vintener, in the time  
of *Edward* the third.
- Seuenth. *Sir John Hankwood* Marchant-tailer, in  
the time of *Edward* the third.
- Eight. *Sir Hugh Cauerley* Silke-weauer, in the time  
of *Edward* the third.
- Ninth. *Sir Henrie Maleueret* Grocer, in the time  
of *Henrie* the fourth.

And my worthie friend hath sent for his ma. deputation  
+ here my friend am & how after cloth hand doth  
possess on some parts of the house & the first  
not spent for house the matter will stand it  
not till my wife come home

A Catalogue of Price Table, declaring

the names of the several wares,

and when they were

First, Sir William Pitt, in the  
time of the late King George

Second, Sir Robert Walpole, in the time  
of the late King George

Third, Sir John Manners, in the time  
of the late King George

Fourth, Sir Thomas Manners, in the  
time of Queen Anne

Fifth, Sir John Manners, in the time of  
the late King George

Sixth, Sir Christopher Grey, in the time  
of the late King George

Seventh, Sir John Manners, in the time  
of the late King George

Eighth, Sir Ralph Grey, in the time  
of the late King George

Ninth, Sir Ralph Grey, in the time  
of the late King George





## To the Gentlemen Readers.



Gentlemen, being encouraged through your gentle acceptance of my *Cynthia*, I haue once more aduentured on your Curiosities: hoping to finde you (as I haue done hertofore) friendly. Being determind to write of something, & yet not resolued of any thing, I considered with my selfe, if one should write of Loue (they will say) why, euery one writes of Loue: if of Vertue, why, who regards Vertue? To be short, I could thinke of nothing, but either it was common, or not at all in request. At length I bethought my selfe of a Subiect, both new (as hauing neuer beene written vpon before) and pleasing (as I thought) because Mans Nature (commonly) loues to heare that praised, with whose preffence, hee is most pleased.

*Erasmus* (the glory of *Netherland*, and the refiner of the Latin Tongue) wrote a whole Booke, in the prayse of Folly. Then if so excellent a Scholler, writ in praise of Vanity, why may not I write in praise of that which is profitable? There are no two Countreys, where Gold is esteemed, lesse than in *India*, and more then in *England*: the reason is, because the *Indians* are barbarous, and our Nation ciuill.

I haue giuen *Pecunia* the title of a Woman, Both for the termination of the Word, and because (as Women are) shee is lov'd of men. The brauest Voyages in the World, haue beene made for Gold: for it, men haue venturd (by Sea) to the furthest parts of the

## To the Gentlemen Readers.

Earth: In the Pursute wherof, *Englands Nestor* and *Neptune* (*Hawkins* and *Drake*) lost their liues. Vpon the Deathes of the which two, of the first I writ this :

*The Waters were his Winding sheete, the Sea was made his Toome ;  
Yet for his fame the Ocean Sea, was not sufficient roome.*

Of the latter this :

*England his hart ; his Corps the Waters haue :  
And that which rayd his fame, became his grave.*

The *Pratorians* (after the death of *Pertinax*) in the election of a new Emperour, more esteemed the money of *Julianus*, then either the vertue of *Seuerus*, or the Valour of *Pessennius*. Then of what great estimation and account, this Lady *Pecunia*, both hath beene in the Worlde, and is at this present, I leaue to your Iudgement. But what speake I so much of her praise in my Epistle, that haue commended her so at large, in my Booke? To the reading wherof, (Gentlemen) I referre you.





The nine worthies of London,  
explaying the honourable exercise  
of Armes, the vertues of the valiant, and the  
*innumerable attempts of Magnanimous*  
mindes.



W hat time Fame began to feather  
her selfe to flie, and was winged  
with the lasting memorie of mar-  
tiall men, the Oratours reast per-  
swasive Orations, the Poets  
neglected the pleasures of their  
Poems, and *Pallas* her self would  
haue nothing painted vpon her  
shield but *Shottos of Mars*, and  
short emblemes in honour of noble atchiuements. Then  
the ashes of auncient Victors without scruple or disdain  
had sepulture in rich and golden monuments: and they that  
reacht the height of honour by worthie deedes, had their  
former basenesse, shadowed by deserts. Fame then fearing  
that her honour would faine, and her armour rust (for  
though she fauoured all professions, yet she chiefly dignified  
armes) on a sodaine, mounted into the ayre, and neuer  
stayed the swiftnesse of her flying course, buttill she pitched  
her feete vpon *Parnassus* forked toppe, whose springing  
*Lawrels* gaue shade, & shelter to her wearinesse. This was  
the fruitfull place where she plotted her flowrie garlands,  
to crown the temples of vertuous followers, and wreathes  
of renoume to illustrate vndaunted courages. Here like-  
wise remained her chiefe secretaries the ix. Muses, as in a  
seate of most pleasure best besitting their diuine perfecti-  
ons, whose necessarie aydes she alwayes craued, when occa-



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tion ministred any thing worthy record : and though the wholesome freshnesse of the ayre, the greenenesse of the valleys, the comfortable odours of sundry sorts of flowers, the pride and bewtie of the trees, the harmonious layes of Nightingales & other birds, the variable delights of artificiall bowers, and the muscicall murmures of Christall running fountaines, might wel haue inchaunted the roughest Cynick, or crabbedst Malecontent to cheare vp his spirits, and banish melancholy passions, yet this Goddesse pretending businesse of importance, had such a care to effect it, as that she would not be overcome with pleasure, nor peeld to ease, (though in reason her laborious trauell did require rest) but painfully passing vp and downe, was not moued with the one, nor maistred with the other. At last as her busie eye pryed euery way, she espied a path of Violets, whose tops were pressed downe with the steps of such as had lately passed that way : by this she coniectured the *Pymphees* were not farre off, and therefore following the tract their foete had made vpon the flowers, she was quickly brought to the head of Hellicon, where, in an arbour of Eglantine, and damaske Rose trees, one twisted so cunningly within another, as hard it was to iudge whether nature or arte had bestowed most to the bewtifying of that bower. She found the Muses euery one seriously applying their seuerall exercises, whom when they saw (hauing saluted her with a dutifull reuerence) stood attentive (being well assured her comming was not without cause) what charge she would giue, or what shee would commaund to be registred. To whome Fame, to the intent they might not long bee in suspence about her sodaine approach, as well for that her businesse was impatient of delay, as to resoluue their earnest expectation, spake in this manner.

You need not muse (gracious nurces of learning) at my presence in this place, because I vse not oftentimes to visite you, nor trouble your minds w ambigvous imaginations concerning my purpose, since I seldome craue your furtherance

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rance but for memorable accidents: notwithstanding, for the varietie of matter requires not alwayes one forme, and still with processe of time as mens maners change, our methos alters, you shall perceyue I am not now to begin: but to reuiue what ignorance in darknes seemes to shadow, & hateful obliuion hath almost rubbed out of the booke of honour. It is not of Kinges and mightie Potentates, but such whose vertues made them great, and whose renowne sprung not of the noblenes of their birth, but of the notable towardnesse of their well qualified mindes, aduanced not with loslie titles, but praysed for the triall of their heroycal truthe: of these must you indite, who though their states were but meane, yet dooth their worthie prowesse match superiours, and therefore haue I named them Worthies. Nine were they in number, their Countrey England, the Citie they liued in famous London, famous in deepe for such men, and yet forgetfull to celebrate the remembrance of their names, and negligent, (I may say) in performing the like attempts, hauing for imitation such goodly presidents as these to supplie them that want, with wisdom, and with better instruction. I am determined to discourse againe what I haue often bzuted, thereby to stirre vp sluggards, and to giue secure worlblers to vnderstande (who extends no further then for wealth, and whose hearts suppose a heape of coine the greatest happines) that the censure of honour ought to increase, when as by substance they arise to authoritie, and none so abiect but may be made a subiect of glorie and magnanimitie, if so thereunto they will bend their endeouours.

For performance hereof, I knowe my theame so large, and copious, as all your wits might ingenerall be imployed to dilate and expresse the same, yet onely *Clio* shall be sufficient, whome alone I make choise off, the rather because it chiefly concernes hir, and so beckning towards her with her head, made an end of her speech.

She had no sooner sayd, but all the rest as satisfied in that they desired to know, presently cast down their looks,

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that were before steadfastly fixed vpon the browes of Fame, and began to turne to their labours, which all this while by reason of her talke they had intermitted, onely *Clio* clasping vpon her booke of famous hystories, and taking her golden pen in hand, rose from the seate where she sate, and leauing her sisters with due reuerence, was readie to folow Fame where so euer she would conduct her.

At the doore of the enterance into the Arbour, there stood a silver chariot drawne by the force of *Pegasus*, which Fame of purpose had provided, because *Clio* therein might the better keepe wing with her. Into the which she was no sooner mounted, but straightway as swift as the burning darts of *Jupiter*, they made their passage through the subtle ayre, vntill they soared ouer the hollow vault, through which the way leadeth down to the rule of vnder earth: there *Clio* pulled her rayne, and with a headlong fall (according to her guides direction) neuer staid vntill the steely houes of *Pegasus* did beate against the gates of Tartara, where being receyued in, they left the crooked thorny way smoking with sulphur, and neuer ceasing contagious vapours, and kept directly on the other side, which delighted their eyes with so many glorious sights, that before they knew it, they were arrived vnder the Elysian shades: where when the Goddess had remained a while, discoursing with her companion the severall habitations, as that of louers in swete groues of muske she spide at last the place where *Electrum* growes, sweetened continually with burning baulme boughes, with which braue souldiours, and warlike caulliers cured their rank scarrs. There did shee shake her bright immortall wings, and with the melodious noyse, and with the sweet breath was fanned frō those Phoenix feathers she awaked nine comely knights, y arme in arme vpon a greene banke, strewed with Rose buddes, had laid their conquering heads to rest in peace.

This, quoth she is the farthest end of our iourney, here must we take our stations for a while, and those whom thou seest eleuating their bodies from the ground, from whose browes



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browes sparkle gleames of immortall glozie, are the nine  
worthy Champions I told you of, whom, as by my power  
I haue awaked: so will I cause to speake and declare their  
owne fortunes, onely be thou attentiu, and set down with  
thy pen, what thou shalt heare them speake: and so coming,  
to the first, which was a tall aged man, his haire as white  
as snow, vpon his backe a scarlet robe, his temples bound  
about with baulme, and in his hand a bright shining blade:  
she toucht his lippes with her finger, and straightway his  
tongue began to utter these words.



Sir William *Wallworth* Fishmon-  
ger, sometime Maior of London.

**W**Hat I shall speake, suppose it is not vaine,  
Nor thinke Ambition tunes my sounding voyce;  
It bootes not clay to stand on glorious gayne,  
An other place bereaues vs of that choyce:  
For when the Pompe of earthlie pleasures gone,  
Our goasts lie buried vnderneath a stone.

Nor when I liu'd carpt I at Phæbus light  
My deeds did passe without comparing pride,  
Who shone the least (mee thought appear'd more bright)  
I wist it secret what the world discride,  
Nor would now shewe (fayre Goddesse but for thee.)  
The charge be seemes an other and not mee.

To ouerpasse then how I was instaul'd  
To weare the purple robe of Maiestrate,  
It shall suffice I su'de not, but was calde,  
Of Fortunes gifts let baser minds relate:

## The nine worthies of London.

*In such a time it was my chauce to sway,  
When riches quaild, and Vertue wanne the day.*

*In Richards Raygne the second of that name  
Of Londons weale Liefetenant to his Grace,  
Wallworth was chuse unworthie of the same  
Within his hand to beare the Cities mace:  
To Fishmongers the honour did redownd,  
Whose brotherhood was my preferments grownd,*

*These were not dayes of peace but broyling warre,  
Dissention spred hir venom through the land,  
And sild the Prince and subiect to a iarre  
Hated loue, Rigor dutie did withstand:  
In such a tempest of unbridled force,  
As manie lost their liues without remorse.*

*For by a taxe the King requirde to haue,  
The men of Kent and Essex did rebell,  
Their first Decree concluded none to saue  
But hauocke all, a heauie tale to tell:  
And so when they were gatherde to a head,  
Towards London were these gracelesse Rebels ledd.*

*What spoyle they made in Countries as they came,  
How they did rob and tyrranize in pride,  
The widowes cries were patterns of their shame,  
And sanguin streames of infants blood beside:  
For like the sea when it hath caught a breach,  
Sornst these Traytors, past compassions reach.*

*So desperate was their rage as they preuailde,  
And entered the Citie by the sword,  
The towre wals were mightely assayld,  
And prisoner there made heaalesse at a word:  
Earles manner houses were by them destroyd,  
The Sauoy and S. Iones, by Smithfield spoyld.*

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All men of law that fell into their hands  
They left them breathlesse weltering in their blood,  
Ancient records were turn'd to firebrands,  
Anie had fanour sooner then the good:  
So stout these cutthrotes were in their degree,  
That Noblemen must serue them on their knee.

In burning and in slaughter long they toyld,  
That made the King and all his traine agast,  
Such rancour had their stomackes ouerboyld  
They hope to get the Soueraignitie at last:  
In deede his Maiestie was young in yeares,  
Which brought distresse to him and to his Peeres.

Yet with a loyall guard of bills and Bowes  
Collected of our tallest men of trade,  
I did protect his person from his foes,  
Where there presumption trembled to inuade:  
It yerkt my soule to see my Prince abuse,  
In whose defence no danger I refuse.

In these extreames it was no boote to fight,  
The Rebbels marched with so huge an host,  
The King crau'd Parley by a noble Knight  
Of sterne Wat Tyler ruler of the roost:  
A countrie Boore, a goodlie proper swayne,  
To put his Countrie to such wretched payne.

This Rustick scoft at first the Kings request  
Yet at the last he seem'd to giue consent,  
Aleaging he would come when he thought best:  
Tis well (quoth he) is all their courage spent:  
He make them on their bended knees intreat,  
Or cast their bodies in a bloodie sweat.

Begirt with Steele, our gownes were laid apart,  
Age hindred not, though feeble were my ioynts.

*T would*



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*T'would make a fearefull coward take a heart  
When Prince opprest a Countries cause appoynts:  
Who would refuse, and death or grienous paine  
To follow him that is his Souenaygne?*

*The place appoynted where to meete these mates  
(That like audacious peasants did prepare,  
As if their calling did concerne high states,  
With brasen lookes deuoyd of awfull care)  
Was Smithfeeld, where his Maieety did stay,  
An howre ere these Rebels found the way.*

*At last the leaders of that brutish rout  
Iacke Straw, Wat Tiler, and a number more,  
Approacht the place with such a yelling shout,  
As seldome had the like been heard before:  
The King spake faire, and bad them lay downe armes,  
And he would pardon all their former harmes.*

*But as fierce Lions are not tam'd with words,  
Nor sauage Monsters conquered but by force,  
So gentlenesse vnshetbes a Traitors sword,  
And fayre perswasions makes the wicked worse:  
His clemencie prouokt, and not dismaide,  
Because of them, they thought the King affraide.*

*And as a witnesse of their inward vice  
Their tongues beganne to taunt in sawsie sort,  
Obedience blisht, and Honour lost her price,  
A modest shame forbids the fowle report:  
How Presumption made these Caitifes swell,  
As if the Diuels did bell owfoorth of Hell.*

*Their loathsome talke in kindle angers fire  
And fretting passions made my sinewes shake,  
T'was death to me to see the Base aspire:  
Such woundes would men in deadlie slumber wake.*

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Yet I refrainde, my betters were in place,  
It were no manners Noble to disgrace.

But when I saw the Rebels pride encrease,  
And none controll and counterchecke thier rage,  
T'were service good (thought I) to purchase peace,  
And malice of contentious brags asswage:  
With this conceyt all feare had taken flight,  
And I alone prest to the traitors sight.

Their multitude could not amaze my minde,  
Their bloudie weapons did not make me shrinke,  
True valour hath his constancie assignde,  
The Eagle at the Sunne will neuer winke:  
Amongst their troups incens'd With mortall hate,  
I did arrest Wat Tyler on the pate.

The stroke was giuen with so good a will,  
It made the Rebelle couth vnto the earth,  
His fellows that beheld (t'is strange) were still  
It mard the manor of their former mirth:  
I left him not, but ere I did depart,  
I stabd my dagger to his damned heart.

The rest perceiuing of their captaine slaine,  
Soone terrified did cast their weapons downe,  
And like to sheepe began to flie amaine,  
They durst not looke on Iustice dreadfull frowne.  
The king pursude, and we were not the last,  
Till furie of the fight were ouerpast.

Thus were the mangled parts of peace recurd;  
The Princes falling state by right defended;  
From common weale all mischief quite abiurd,  
With loue and dutie vertue was attended.  
And for that deed that day before t'was night,  
My king in guerdon dubbed me a knight.

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*Nor ceast he so to honour that degree.*

*A costly hat his highnesse likewise gaue,  
That Londons maintenance might euer be,  
A sword also he did ordaine to haue,  
That should be caried still before the Maior,  
Whose worth deserude succession to that chaire,*

*This much in age when strength of youth was spent,  
Hath Walworth by unwanted valour gaine,  
T'was all he sought, his countrey to content.  
Successe hath fortune for the inst ordaind,  
And when he died, this order he began,  
Lord Maiors are knights their office being done.*

**W**orthily had this father of his Countrie the foremost place in this discourse, whose valerous attempts may be a light to all ensuing ages, to lead them in the darkenesse of all troublesome times, to the resurrection of such a constant affection as will not faulter or refuse any perill to profite his Countrey and purchase honour. Such was his desert, as euen then when good men dispaired of their safetie, and the verie pillars of the common wealch tottered: his courage redeemed the one, and underpropped the other: Martialists and patrones of magnanimitie, trembled at that which he beyond all expectation aduentured. Let enuie therefore retract the malice of her blissing tongue, which heretofore (and now not a litle) strimeth by her contentious and ripening nature to obscure the brightnesse of their praise, and scoffe at their ingenious dispositions, whose education promisseth small: But yet when occasion hath required, haue performed more then they whose brags haue vapors to y clouds. I wish the like mind, and the like loyaltie in all those that make the Citty the Nurse of their liues, and subiect of their fortunes, that London may continue stil that credite to be called the great chamber of her kings, and the key of her Countreys blisse. But to procede, Fame hauing marked the grauntie, eloquence,



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quence, and orator-like gesture of this good knight during the continuance of his talke, was so well pleased as she vowed to erect his stature, where in spite of al contrarious and malevolent blasts of vertues carpets, it should stande immoueable: and *Clio* that had pend his speach, grieved she had not leysure (as she desired, and he deserued) to set down his actions in better and more ample maner: for already another of the knightly crew stood by ready to delate what Fame expected: therefore she was forced to let it somewhat rawly passe, hoping that the excellency of the matter, would excuse the rudenesse of the rime.

The next being a man whom nature had likewise bewitched with the colour and badge of wisdom and authority, as one on whom a greater power then Fortunes faigned deitie had bestowed, the fulnesse of worldly treasure, and heauens perfection, beganne accordingly to frame his tale.



### Sir Henrie Pitchard Knight.

**T**He potter tempers not the massie golde,  
A meane substance serues his simple trade,  
His workmanship consistes of limie molde,  
Where any plaine impression soone is made:  
His Pitchards haue no outward glittering pompe,  
As other mettels of a finer stampe.

Yet for your vse as wholsome as the rest,  
Though their beginning be but homely found,  
And sometime they are taken for the best,  
If that be precious that is alwayes sound.

700  
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From gould corrupting poysons do infect,  
Where earthen cups are free from all suspect.

So censure of the Pitchard you behould,  
Whose glorie springes not of his lowlie frame,  
Though he be clay he may compare with gould  
His properties nere felt reproachfull shame:  
For when I first drew breath upon the earth,  
My mind did beautifie creations byrth.

I dare not sing of Mars his bloodie scarres,  
It is a stile too high for my concept,  
Yet in my youth I served in the warres,  
And followde him that made his foes entreat:  
Edward the third the Phoenix of his time,  
For life and prowes spotted with no crime.

From France returnd, so well I thriu'd at home,  
As by permission of celestiaall grace,  
I rose by that men term'd blind Fortunes dome  
To such a loftie dignitie of place:  
As by election then it did appeare,  
I was Lord Maior of London for a yeare.

I vsde not my promotion with disdain,  
Nor suffred heapes of coyne to fret with rust,  
I knew the ende of such anoble gaine,  
And saw that riches were not giuen for lust:  
But for reliefe and comfort of the poore,  
Against the straunger not to shut my doore.

I could repeate perhaps some liberall deedes,  
But that I feare vaine-glories bitter checke,  
His plenties want, his harnest is but weedes,  
That doth in wordes his proper goodnesse decke:  
It shall suffice he hath them in recorde,  
That keepes in store his stewards iust reward.

## The nine worthies of London:

Yet for aduancement of faire Londons fame,  
I will omit one principall regarde,  
That such as heare may imitate the same,  
When auarice by bountie shall be barde:

Rich men should thinke of honour more then pelfe,  
I liu'd as well for others as my selfe.

nil?

When Edward triumpht for his victories,  
And helde three crownes within his conquering hand,  
He brought rich Trophies from his enemies,  
That were erected in this happie land:

We all reioyc'd and gaue our God the praise,  
That was the authour of those fortunate dayes.

And as from Douer with the prince his sonne,  
The King of Cypres, France, and Scots did passe,  
All captiue prisoners to this mightie one,  
Five thousand men, and I the leader was,

All well preparde, as to defend a fort,  
Went forth to welcome him in martiall sort.

The riches of our armour, and the cost,  
Each one bestowd in honour of that day,  
Were here to be exprest but labour lost,  
Silke coates and chaines of golde bare little sway.

And thus we marcht accepted of our King,  
To whom our comming seemd a gracious thing.

But when the Citie pearde within our sights,  
I crau'd a boune submisse vpon my knee,  
To haue his Grace, those Kings, with Earles and knights,  
A day or two to banquet it with me:

The king admirde, yet thankfully replide,  
Vnto thy house both I and these will ride.

Glad was I that so I did preuaile,  
My heart reuind, my parts (me thought) were young,



The nine worthies of London.

For cheare and sumptuous cost no coine did faile,  
And he that talkt of sparing did me wrong:  
Thus at my proper charge I did retaine  
Foure kings, one prince, and all their royall traine.

Yet to this pompe did vanish in an houre,  
There is no trusting to a broken staffe,  
Mans carefull life doth wither like a flower,  
The destenies do stroy what we do graffe:  
For all his might, my gold wherewith I please,  
Death tooke vs both and would not be appease.

Of all there now remaines no more but this,  
What vertue got by toyling labours paine,  
To shrine our spotlesse soules in heauenlie blisse,  
Till to our bodies they returne againe.  
What else we find is vaine and worthlesse drosse,  
And greatest getting but the greatest losse.

**A**fter that *Clio* had wit what this famous knight had  
tolde, shee no little wondred at his modest audacitie.  
Therefore she sayde this to Fame, Renowned Goddesse  
enemie to the fatall listers, and onely friend to the good de-  
seruers: it were bescoming thy excellencie to proceede al-  
together with the honourable acts of these memorable men,  
and onely touch their vertuous endeouours, whereunto the  
Goddesse condescended: and seeing another life by his head,  
as if he were desirous to speake: Fame heartned him on  
with smiling countenance to say as followeth.

Sir



## Sir William Seuenoake.

**M**Y harmelesse byrth misfortune quite contemnd,  
And from my pappe did make my youth a pray,  
So scarcely budd, my branches were unstemd;  
My byrth howre was Deathes blacke and gloomie day:  
Had not the highest stretched forth his might  
The breake of day had beene the darkest night.

Some Monster that did enie Natures worke  
(When I was borne in Kent) did cast me fourth  
In desert wildes, where though no Beast did lurke  
To spoyle that life, the Heauens made for woorth:  
Vnder seauen Oakes yet mischiefe slung me downe,  
Where I was found and brought vnto a towne.

Behold an ebbe that neuer thought to flowe;  
Behold a fall unlikelie to reconer;  
Behold a shrub, a weed, that grew full lowe;  
Behold a wren that neuer thought to houer:  
Behould yet how the highest can commaund,  
And make a sand foundation firmelie stand.

For when my infants time indusste more yeares  
After some education in the schoole,  
And some discretion in my selfe appeares  
With labor to be taught with manuall tooles:  
To learne to liue, to London thus being found,  
Apprentise to a Groser I was bound.

To please the honest care my master tooke,  
I did refuse no toyle nor drudging payne,

### The nine worthies of London.

*My handes no labor euer yet for sooke  
Whereby I might encrease my masters gayne:  
Thus Scuenoake liud ( for so they cald my name,) )  
Till Heauen did place mee in a better frame.*

*In time my prentise yeares were quite expirde,  
And then Bellona in my homelie brest,  
My Countries honour with her flames had firde,  
And for a Souldior made my fortune prest:  
Henry the fift my King did warre with France,  
Then I with him his right to roduance.*

*There did couragious men with loue compare  
And strine by armes to get their Prince renowne,  
There fillie I like thirstie soule did fare  
To drinke their fill, would venter for to drowne:  
Then did the height of my inhaunst desire,  
Graunt me a little leasure to aspire.*

*The Dolphyn then of Fraunce a comelie Knight,  
Disguised, came by chaunce into a place,  
Where I well we tried with the heate of fight,  
Had layd me downe ( for warre had ceast his chace) )  
And with reproachfull words, as layzie swaine,  
He did salute me ere I long had layne.*

*I knowing that he was mine enemy  
A bragging French-man ( for we tearmd them so,  
Ill brookt the proud disgrace he gaue to me,  
And therefore lent the Dolphyn such a blow:  
As warmd his courage well to lay about,  
Till he was breathlesse (though he were so stout.)*

*At last the noble Prince did aske my name,  
My birth, my calling, and my fortunes past,  
With admiration he did heare the same,  
And so a bagge of crownes to me he cast:*

*And*



## The nine worthies of London.

*And when he went away he saide to mee,  
Seauenoake be proude the Dolphyn fought with thee.*

*When English had obtaine the victorie,  
We crossed backe the grudging seas againe,  
Where all my friends supposed warre to be  
For vice and follie, virtues onelie bane:  
But see the simple how they are deceaude,  
To iudge that honour, Honour hath bereaude.*

*For when my Souldiors fame was laid aside,  
To be a Grocer once againe I framde,  
And he which rules aboue my steps did guide,  
That through his wealth Seuenoake in time was framde  
To be Lord Maior of London by degree,  
Where iustice made me sway with equitie.*

*Gray haire made period vnto honours call,  
And frostie death had furrowed in my face,  
Colde Winter gashes, and to Sommers fall,  
And fainting nature left my mortall place:  
For with the date of flesh my life decayde,  
And Seuenoake dide: (for euery flower must fade.)*

*By Testament in Kent I built a towne,  
And briefly calde it Seuenoake, from my name,  
A free schoole to sweete learning, to renowne  
I placde for those that playde at honours game:  
Both land and liuing to that towne I gaue,  
Before I tooke possession of my graue.*

*Thither I bare my flesh, but leaue my fame,  
To be a president for London nights,  
And you that now beholde faire Vertues maim,  
Thinke he is happie for his Countrey fights,  
For for my guerdon to this pleasaunt field,  
My carkas did my dying spirit yeeld.*

## The nine worthies of London.

**B**y that time this famous man had thus innobled his name by telling his nature, the pitifull and louely Muse had belated at large his eternall honour, hauing in no part bene nigardly of his prodigall prayse: but Fame dismissing him to his former rest, hard by a still siluer streame that beate warbling Ecchoes into the vaultie bankes, whereas deceased Sea-nymphes vse to sport, pressing his manlike paulme vpon the ground, hee bent his comely bodie to the earth: where not as possessed with heauinesse, but with Paradise-like ioy he safely and sweetly repased his comely limbes: like as the wonted Martialists of former memozie were accustomed to doe, when returning from hot encountered broyles, they unbuckled their steeld enclosures to enioy the fresh and delightfome breath of peace. There they y<sup>e</sup> wonted to be of *Pans* musical Parliament, sayre Forresters and carolling shepheards, delighted, and almost inchaunted with this Champions storie, thought to present him with some short recreation, therefore vpon a bush of Iuniper brambles where *Philomelia* had set her speckled breast, they all at once did beate with siluer wings: then from this sweete saouring thicket rowled the tripping Deare, and after them the nimble footed Fawne, wrestling together, once ouertaken with pleasing and delectable sport, rubbing their horned browes vpon their sweete twined bowers, this did they do in fauour of his birth, being comitted to their governments befoze his mothers milke had made him blithe.

This pastime put the famous *Senenoke* in minde of his beginning, how Nature first had inniciated her worke in miserie, and ended it in miracles, not arguing herein her vnconstant kinde, but her prouident foresight to withstand the mischiefe of all misfortunes: and whilst Fame with her admiring Muse was busied in posing the rest, this meritorious man did please himselfe with this Poem.

**W**Here Fortune had her birth the Sunne sate downe,  
Yet gaue no liuing glorie to the childe,

She

## The nine worthies of London.

*She grew and gaue the God a golden crowne,  
It pleased him not, for he was euer milde:  
Yet drew she disposition from his throne,  
That without her no wight can mone alone.*

Then he betooke him to his former meditation, from whom he was first awaked: when another knight of that aduanced crew, was by Fame assigned to speake, called Sir *Thomas White*, the Goddesse cleaped him, who listeing by his aged limmes, yet not decayed, sayd as followeth.



### Sir Thomas White.

**W**HYTE is my name, and milke white are my haire,  
White were my deedes, though vaine is proper praise,  
White for my countrie were my kind affayres,  
White was the rule that measurd all my dayes:  
Yet blacke the mould that coucht me in my graue,  
By which more pure my present state I haue.

*I cannot sing of armes and blood-red warres,  
Nor was my colour mixt with Mars his hew:  
I honour those that ended Countrey iarres,  
For therein subiects shew that they are trew.  
But priuately at home I shewde my selfe,  
To be no lower of vaine worldly pelfe.*

*My deedes haue tongues to speake though I surcease,  
My Orator the learned strine to bee,  
Because I twined paulmes in time of peace,  
And gaue such gifts that made faire learning free:  
My care did build them bowers of sweete content,  
Where many wise their golden time haue spent.*



The nine worthies of London.

Anoyse of gratefull thanks within mine eares,  
Descending from their studies (glads my heart)  
That I began to wish with priuate teares,  
There liued more that were of Whites desert:  
But now I looke and spie that time is balde,  
And Vertue comes not, being seldome calde.

But sith I am awaked not to waile,  
But to vnfolde to Fame my former life.  
I must on forward with my single tale,  
For sorrow will but breake the heart with strife,  
White is no warrior (as I sayd before,)  
Nor entred euer into daungers doore.

The English Cities and incorporate townes,  
Doe beare me witnesse of my Countreys care,  
Where yearly I doe feede the poore with crownes,  
For I was neuer niggard yet to spare,  
And all chiefe Burrowes of this blessed land,  
Haue somewhat tasted of my Liberall hand.

He that did lend to me the grace of wealth,  
Did not bestow it for to choake with store,  
But to maintaine the needie poore in health,  
By which expence my wealth encreased more,  
The oyle of gladnesse euer chear'd my hart,  
Why should I not then pitie others smart.

Lord Maior of London I was cal'd to bee,  
And Iustice ballance bare with vpright hand:  
I iudg'd all causes right in each degree,  
I neuer partiall in the law did stand:  
But as my name was White, so did I strine,  
To make my deedes whilest yet I was aliue.

But my prefixed fate had twinde my thread,  
And White it was, and therefore best she likt it,

## The nine worthies of London.

*She set her web within a loome of lead,  
And with her baulme of grace she sweetly dight it:  
And with consent her sisters gaue this grace,  
That White should keepe his colour in this place.*

**W**hen this aged knight had peaceably (observing decorum with his passed state) tolde his plaine and unpollished tale, in all points like himselfe, clothed with the fashion of his minde, vpon a bed of Lillies hee layde him downe, whose colour answerable to his snowie beard, made them take especiall delight in the simparchie of their qualitie. Then sayde *Clio*, thou faire and swift foote Goddess, winged with the Dove, and eyed with the Eagle, let me bee boldned (with thy fauour) to demaunde one question, which of all this noble companie, shall next dilate his life. Sweete Muse (quoth Fame) this knight, pointing to *sir John Bonham*, sometimes apprentice to a Marchant in London. Your deitie, sayde *Clio* then (vnder correction) will mistake the placing. For this gallant liued in England in the time of *Edward the first*, & we are already come downe so farre as *Queene Marie*. Therein, sayde Fame, wee doe preferre their age, and the honour of their calling, before the obseruation of time which derogates from no other course then that which sometimes our Poets haue vsed, placing euer the worthiest foremost, as to induce the rest by example, not to be starke for want of courage. Therefore it shall not be vncomly or preposterous when the younger knights shall speake after those that bare the honour of the Maioraltie.

This excuse wel contented the labouring Muse, who framing her golden pen in her fingers, fixed it ready to her memoriall leaues, whilst Fame did rouse this worthy from his rest. A man of stature meane, in countenance milde, in speech man-like, and in performance couragious: his beard *Abrun*, and his bodie bigge, and thus he began, when Fame had giuen him *caueat* to speake.



## Sir Iohn Bonham knight.

**L**et them that pull their quills from Griffons wings,  
And dippe them in the bloud of Pagans bane,  
Let them describe me from the brest that sings,  
A Poem of bloudie showers of raigne:  
And in my tale a mournefull Eleagie,  
To such as do the lawes of God denie.

A gentleman I am of gentle blood,  
A Knight my Father was, yet thought no scorne  
To place his sonne within a prentise hood,  
For nature will appeare as she was borne:  
A Deuonshire man to London loe I came,  
To learne to traffique of a Marchant man.

Shortelie from thence to Denmarke was I bound,  
Well shipt with ware my master gaue in charge,  
I deemd the water better then the ground,  
And on the seas a man might see at large:  
Me thought that Fortune there might flie her fill,  
And pitch and light vpon what place she will.

Ariud at last, in Denmarke was I sett,  
Where Bonham did demeane himselfe so well,  
That though some strangers there had pitcht a net  
To catch my feete, themselves therein soone fell:  
And such dishonour dropt vpon their head,  
As they their native Countrie quicklie fled.

My worthlesse Fame vnto the King was brought,  
Who shewd himselfe both mild and debonare,



## The nine worthies of London.

A cause of gracious kindnes still be sought,  
And for my Countrey did commend my care :  
And though I say it, that might better cease,  
Bonham did purchase fame, and loues encrease.

A vertuous Ladie, and a curteous prince,  
This famous king vnto his daughter had,  
Hir countenance did the baser sort conuince,  
Yet did she bare her gently to had:  
Such was her beautie, such was her grace and fauour,  
That watchfull Enuy noway could deprauē her.

Excepting still the praise of Proserpine,  
I may a little glance vpon her grace,  
The words shee spake did euer seeme diuine,  
And Nature chose her alters in her face :  
Where in the day her golden flames do burne,  
And they that gaze shall frie except they turne.

There bodies once consum'd, loue tooke their soules,  
And there satte binding them wishin her haire,  
She neede not frowne, her smootheest lookes controles,  
See how shee slayes, yet dooth the guilelesse spare:  
Guilelesse they are that dare not stay so long,  
To heare the musick of inchaunting song.

Should I but speake the words vnto her face,  
Perhaps you would suppose I flatter her,  
If so I haue too long upheld the chace,  
And negligentlie spard the pricking spurre :  
In whose sweete praise I end not yet begunne,  
Because my lame conceipt wants feete to runne.

Who will not indge the brauest Denmarke Knights,  
Will cracke their Lances in her proud defence,  
And now by this a troope of worthie wights  
Prepared lustes, her beawtie to incence:

And

**'The nine worthies of London.**

*And unto me unworthie me she gaue,  
A fauour to adorne my courage-brane.*

*I know your ielousie will iudge me nowe,  
And say I prais'd her for her fauours sake,  
Alas he lookes not vp, is bound to bowe,  
A Ceader neuer springeth from a Brake:  
It pleas'd her well, age not displeased mee,  
Why then should Enuie still with Honour bee.*

*They that haue guiders cannot chuse but runne,  
Their Mistresse eyes doe learne them Chiuallrie,  
With those commaunds these Turneys are begunne,  
And shiner'd Launces in the ayre do flie:  
No more but this, there Bonham had the best,  
Yet list I not to vaunt how I was blest.*

*Each Knight had fauour bound to his desert,  
And euerie Ladie lent her loue a smile,  
There boldly did I not my selfe insert,  
Nor secret practise did my pride compile:  
But of her selfe the gentle Princeesse gaue  
Rewarde of Honour vnto me her slaue.*

*In fine my Masters shippe with goods were fraught,  
And I desirous to retorne agayne,  
For all the fauours that my Fortune wrought,  
Vnto my Masters businesse was no mayne:  
But so occasion trusty friend to time,  
Prepard me steps, and made mee way to clime.*

*Great Solimon the Turkish Emperour,  
Made sodaine warres against the Danish King,  
And most unlike a noble Emperour  
Did spoyle and ruine to his confines bring:  
A thing unlike, yet truth to witnesse call,  
And you shall finde hee made mee Generall.*

## The nine worthies of London!

A puissant armie then was lent straight,  
And skilfull pilates sent to guide my ship,  
Imagin but a Christians deadly hate,  
Against the heathen that our blood doth sip:  
Then thinke how Bonham bent against the Turke,  
Wrought wonders by the high almighties worke.

Halfe of his armie smouldred with the dust,  
Lay slaughtered on the earth in gorie blood,  
And he himselfe compeld to quell his lust,  
By composition for his peoples good:  
Then at a parlie he ammirde me so,  
He made me knight, and let his armie go.

He gaue me costly robes, and chaines of golde,  
And garded with his Gallies sent me backe:  
For Fame vnto the Danish King had tolde,  
My gotten glorie, and the Turkish wracke:  
He gaue me gifts in guerdon of my fight,  
And sent me into England like a knight.

How I was welcomd there it were vaine to tell,  
For shortly after life had runne his race,  
And hither was I summoned to dwell,  
My other fellow Worthies to embrace:  
Thus gently borne, a Marchant by my trade,  
And in the field Bonham a knight was made.

**C**Leo with the straungenesse of this report, was wrapt so  
much into admiration (both in respect of his feature,  
fortune and faire tongue) as she seemed cast into a traunce,  
neuer remoouing her eyes from of his pouthfull face, till  
Fame perceyuing her deepe cogitations, put her forth of  
her dumps, by asking her why she pawed so long, her chaff  
eyes (it appeared) hauing all this while seene no other but  
such, whose countenance resembled winters frosts, began  
now with the chearefull heate of this flowing spring, to  
ware



### The nine worthies of London.

waſe warme with ſecrete working of ſome amorous paſſion to excuſe with ſuſpition (for it ſtoode with her credite not to bee faultie in any ſuch idle toy) ſhee answered, it was not the inticement of any miſbeſeeming phantaſie that allured her to that ſodaine ſilence, but onelie a kinde of concepte ſhee foſtered, howe it coulde be poſſible that the Turke being a man of nature barbarous and cruell, and eſpecially towards Chriſtians) ſhould nowe bee ſo much mollified, and brought from his wonted fierceneſſe, to ſauour and honour one, whome by nature hee loathed and deteſted. For what though *Bonhams* valour had gotten that aduantage, as by reaſon and law of armes he might inforce the Turke confeſſe, the ſaſegarde of his life depended on his clemencie, yet ſince the brutiſhneſſe of that nature eſteemeth of vertue but to ſerue their owne luſt and profite, I ſee no argument of likelihoode, why the Turke hauing his aduerſarie in his Court, that a little before had made him bowe, not with gentle perſwaſions, but with downe-right ſtrokes, ſhould not rather bee incenſed to cutte off his head, then doe him the leaſt good in the world: ſo ſeuere is the regarde of honour, as rather then it will be bpayded with diſgrace (though that diſgrace were cauſe of many incomparable pleaſures) no hatefull, vnnaturall, or vngratefull prattice ſhall be attempted, til the eyesore of their grudging heart be removed, and Princes if they cannot beare words, much leſſe will put by wounds, and that was it (quoth ſhe) that troubled my ſerious Muſe.)

At theſe wordes Fame began to frowne, her patience was prouoked, that one ſo well inſtructed in the knowledge of ſuch matters as ſhee was (her whole ſtudie conſiſting of nothing elſe but of ciuill diſcipline) ſhould make a doubt in ſo ſlender a contrarietie, yet to cutte off further protraction of time, ſhee replied her this reſolution: that ſhee was ſure ſhee could not be ignorant, howe that it was the affect of vertue that wrought ſuch an alteration in the Turke, which, as it is diuine, deſcended from  
the

## The nine worthies of London.

the Goddess : so it worketh beyonde the expectation of men. And for prooofe thereof, already sundrie authorities were alledged, as that of *Dyonisius* whose innumerable minde could not but reuerence *Plato*, although he continually inueighed bitterly agaynst his tyrannie, and that of *Alexander*, who loued *Darius* for his fortitude, although hee was his enemy. Therefore it ought not seeme miraculous vnto her, when vsually such accidents, as those followe Vertues fauourites : But (quoth she) I rather thinke you were amazed to heare such rare exploits proceede from a Prentice, and one of no more experience : but let not that seeme straunge, hee spake no more then truth, nor all that might be sayd concerning his haughtie endeouours : the other foure whom you see on his left hand, will (if you seeme incredulous) confirme a possibilitie in his speeches : they are of the like condition and qualitie as he was, prentices that purchased estimation by the sword. *Clio* blushed that shee had beene so inquisitiue : but as it may be coniectured, it was not so much for her owne satisfaction, as to take away hereafter all controuersie, and needlesse cauillation as might concur by the curious view of such as shoulde fortune to haue the reading of her lines. By this *Sir Iohn Bonham* had coucht himselfe againe in the bedde of his secure rest, when another gay knight, sterne in his lookes, and strong set in his limmes, carying in his browes the picture of *Mars*, and in his maners the maiestie of a Prince, with a lowe salutation made himselfe knowne by this brieue oration.



Sir Christopher Croker knight  
of London Vintner.

*It is not birth that makes a man renownde,  
Nor treasures store that purchaseth our fame,*

## The nine worthies of London.

Bigge words are but an emptie vessels sound,  
And death is better then a life with shame.  
This proueth Croker in his trauailes made,  
Of London once a Vintner by his trade.

In Gracious-strecte there was I bound to serue,  
My masters name hight Stodie in his time,  
From whom in dutie I did neuer swarue,  
Nor was corrupted with detested crime:  
My education taught me so to line,  
As by my paines my masters purse might thrine.

My fellow seruants lou'd me with their hearts;  
My friends reioyc'd to see me prosper so,  
And kind Doll Stodie (though for small deserts)  
On me vouchsafed affection to bestow;  
Whose constancie was such that for her sake,  
No toyle was grienous I did undertake.

Such was my state as I my selfe could wish,  
Deuoid of care, not toucht with ege want,  
My sleepe securo, my foode choise bewties dishe,  
Onely in this my pleasure seemed scant,  
That I unable was her state to raise,  
That was the lengthner of my happie dayes.

Whilst thus I was perplexed with that thought;  
Behold how Fortune fauourde my desire,  
Of soaine warres the ioyfull newes was brought,  
And Edward ayde of Souldiors did require,  
Amongst the rest it fell vnto my channce,  
That I was prest to follow him to Fraunce.

My master would haue serd for my discharge,  
His daughter with her teares gan me assaile,  
On euery side they prayd and promist large,  
But nothing could in that respect preuaile:

Such



## The nine worthies of London.

Such thirst of honour spard my courage on,  
I would to warres although I went alone.

My forwardnesse perceyvd, my valour knowne,  
Ouer a band of Souldiors I was chiefe,  
Then spronte the seedes that were but lately sowne,  
My longing soule had quickly found reliefe:  
I sparde no cost, nor shrunke for any paine,  
Because I ment my Loue should reape the gaine.

To proue my faith vnto my Countries stay,  
And that a prentice (though but small esteemd,)  
Vnto the stoutest neuer gineth way,  
If credite may by triall be redeemd:  
At Burdeaux siege when other came too late,  
I was the first made entrance through the gate.

And when Don Peter driuen out of Spaine,  
By an vsurping Bastard of his line,  
He craid some helpe his crowne to reobtaine,  
That in his former glorie he might shine:  
Our king ten thousand senerd from his host,  
My selfe was one; I speake it not in boast.

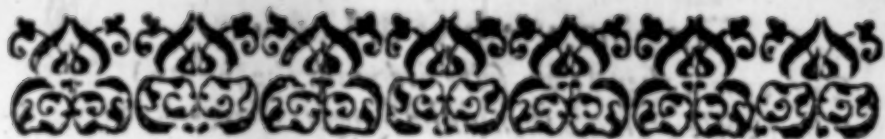
With these Don Peter put the Bastard downe,  
Each Citie yeelded at our first approch,  
It was not long ere he had got the crowne,  
And taught his wicked brother to excroch:  
In these affaires so well I shewd my might,  
That for my labour I was made a knight.

Thus labour neuer looseth his reward,  
And he that seekes for honour sure shall speed,  
What craven mind was euer in regard?  
Or where consisteth manhood but in deed?  
I speake it that confirmd it by my life,  
And in the end Doll Stodie was my Wife.

## The nine worthies of London.

**T**his Worthie hauing finished his taske sette downe by Fame, to confirme the order of his first honour, repased himselfe amongst the rest, where he found a sweete murmuring of pꝛuate and secrete conference what had passed by the seuerall annotations of euerie ones prayse, where they beganne (contemning the order of enuie) to colaud the endeouours of one anothers actions, none particularly arrogating in arrogancie the prayse of himselfe, to him that did most, they gaue most applause, and so sweetly concorded in sympathie, that all the Elelian harmonie might haue liberally commended their conditions: the hushing riuers were calme without murmur or contempt: the leaues stood still to admire these famous enterprises, and excellent achievements: the windes bound themselves vp in the contentation of voluntarie stillnesse, that they might be at libertie to hearken to these meritorious men, and yeelded them praise condescending to their paines. The Goddesse of darknesse (for enuie approached not the place, so that it was by that meanes continually day) whereby the Sunne was euer glorious in the pride of his height without grudging or any shew of declining: the bright shining of whose alluring countenance inticed another vp, called sir *Iohn Hawkwood*, or sir *Iohn Sharpe*, from the Itilians, *Iohn Acute*, and from thence indeed he brought backe into England both his name and his noblenesse. The pictures of his renowne, for as an emblem of endlesse honour, the Venecians wrought vnderneath his stature, set vp in the citie, *Giouanno Acuto Canaliere*. This *Iohn Hawkwood* knight, he liued likewise in the time of *Edward* the third, that Prince of famous memorie: when he pleasantly looked about him, being a man of a most couragious countenance, and an ingenious nature, thus he beganne to speake, as who should say he had wrong to be deferred so long.

Sir



## Sir Iohn Haukwood knight.

Who knowes my ofspring, doth not know my prime,  
Who knowes my birth, perhaps will scorne my deedes,  
My valour makes my vertue more then slime,  
For that seruies though I weare deaths pale weedes:  
Ground doth consume the carkas vnto dust,  
Yet cannot make the valiants armour rust.

After that eightene yeares had toucht my head,  
Being a Printice boy in Lumbard streete,  
A Taylor by my trade, and I had lead  
A few wilde yeares for striplings farre vnmeet:  
A Souldior I was prest to serue in Fraunce,  
The Prince of Wales mine honour to inhaunce.

I serude as priuate souldiour for a while,  
Till courage made me greedie of renowne,  
And causde me giue a noble man the foile,  
That though with sturdie Lannce did beare me downe,  
On foot that day my selfe did keepe in chace,  
Some worthie knights that feard to shew their face.

That day the Prince of Wales surnamde the blacke,  
Did mount me on a gallant English steed.  
Where I bestirde me so vpon his backe,  
That none incountred me that did not bleed,  
It was not I, nor Fortune, nor my fate,  
His hand it was that seldome helpes to late.

His be the honour then, and his the prayse,  
Yet haue I leane to speake what Haukwood did,  
When noble Edward had disperst the rayes,  
And by his prowes of the French was rid.



**The nine worthies of London.**

Three more then I (my selfe did make the fourth)  
The gentle Princes then dubb'd knights of worth.

His knights he tearm'd vs still amongst the rest,  
And gaue vs honour suting our estate,  
For England to be bound it seem'd him best,  
Because the French had swallowed Edwards baite:  
I tooke my leave, and begged on my knee,  
That I might wander other parts to see.

The Prince inkindled with my honours heate,  
Discharging me, bestowde on me a chaine,  
For still fresh courage on my heart did beate,  
Which made me loue and moments acts refraine:  
Hearing the Duke of Millaine was distress'd,  
To Italic my voyage then was prest.

The Seas I quickly past and came to shore,  
With me were fiftene hundred English men,  
We marcht to Millaine walles, where we had more  
Of other nations to conuoyne with them.  
There did the Italians tearme me Iohn Acute,  
Because I had their foes in such pursute.

Castels and towers I had for my reward,  
And got enough to pay my men withall:  
But I to hired pay had no regarde,  
That prickt me on which climbs the highest wall,  
Honour and Fame, whereof they gaue me store,  
Which made me more audacious then before.

Millaine thus peac'd, the Pope oppressed Spaine,  
Then thither was I sent to quell his pride:  
Which being done I did returne againe,  
And stoopt with age, in Padua Palace did:  
And he that yet will heare of Iohn Acute,  
In Millaine shall not find the people mute.

### The nine worthies of London.

*All warres you see do ends as well as peace,  
And then remaineth but a tumb of dust,  
A voyce of Fame, a blacke and mourning hearse,  
To what then may we like this worldly lust:  
It is an euill vapouring smoke that fumes,  
Breaths in the braine, and so the life consumes.*

**W**hen Sir Iohn Haukwood had boldly presumed by  
Fames authoritie to speake, he layde him downe like  
one that wreaked no guerdon for this grace, but as if Na-  
ture brought him forth of dutie to performe these deedes.  
So ought euery martiall minde imagine, that he is borne  
for his Countrey, as the custome of the ancient and famous  
Romains was in all their actions, to studie to rebounde the  
honour of their deedes to their Countrey. If this were am-  
bition and pride, it would be laid flat in the dust, magnani-  
mitie extolled to the highest tip of dignitie, and such a sweet  
concord and vnitie amongst men, that he would be counted  
most happie that liued longest, for the profite of his friends:  
When Sir Iohn Haukwood of this perfection of minde had  
layde him downe againe, another of the same stampe cal-  
led Sir Hugh Caluerley, as little ambitious as his fellowe,  
and as resolute in euerie degree, arose, looking about him,  
being ignorant what to doe: but Fame iogging him on  
the elbowe soone awaked him from his maze, whose sup-  
pose was his desert, which made him couet to bee ob-  
surde. Therefore the Goddesse was faine to animate him  
on further, before he would be perswaded to speake. Gentle  
he was and full of humanitie, insomuch that hee might  
haue wunne all the powers of that place to admire the  
basenesse of his profession being a weauer. But they that  
haue honour harbouring in their breasts, cannot but giue  
him the right of his due, except the traine of enuie set vpon  
the traine of honour, as commonly it doth, if it do see he that  
speake for himselfe, and appeale to the most precise, whose  
wits being more busie then beautified with moral maners,  
thrust boldly, yet ignorantly vpon the well trained sort, ap-  
proching

### The nine worthies of London.

proching famous perswasion he began as sodainly as hee  
arose sodainly, as if now life had newly reuiued, began to  
breathe this gentle breath from out his mouth.



### Sir Hugh Caluerey knight.

**W**Ho fearesto swim, a riuer dreads the sea,  
But he that's best resolu'd dare venture both,  
The greatest lumpe doth not the greatest die,  
Base mettals to compare with golde are loth:  
And why my quiet wit refraines to speake,  
Is this because the tallest ship may leake.

In England late yong Caucerley did liue,  
Silke-weauers honour merited by deedes,  
In forraine broyles continually I stroue  
Of lasting memorie to sow the seedes:  
As by experience they in Poland may  
Expresse my English valour enery way.

After my Princes seruice done in France,  
I was entreated to the Polish King,  
Where as the Frizeland horse doth breake the launce,  
And tamelesse beasts a valiant race doth bring:  
There Maximilian hunted with his Lords,  
Entangling mankind Beares in toyling cords.

There did I bring a Boare vnto the bay,  
That spoyle the pleasant fields of Polonie,  
And ere the morning parted with her gray  
The foming beast as dead as clay did lie:  
The Ladies cheekes lookt red with chearefull blood,  
And I was much commended for that good.



### The nine worthies of London.

Some sayd I looked like Olympian Ioue,  
When as he crackt in two the Centaurs bow;  
As swiftly footed as the God of Loue,  
Or greene Syluanus when he chaste the Roe:  
They brought me crownes of Lawrell wreathd with gold,  
The sweet and daintiest tongues my prayses told.

These fauours fronted me with courage frowne,  
That like the yong Alcides I did looke,  
When he did lay the greedie Lion downe.  
No beast appeard when I the woodes forsooke,  
So that the King supposed I was some wight,  
Ordaind by heauen to expell their flight.

In scarlet and in purple was I clad,  
And golden buskins put vpon my feete,  
A casket of the richest pearles I had,  
And euery Noble gently did me greeete.  
So with the King I rode vnto the court,  
Where for to see me many did resort.

At Iustes I euer was the formost man,  
In field still forward, Fame can witnesse it,  
And Cauerley at tilt yet neuer ran,  
But foming Steed so champed on the bit:  
But still my horse his masters valour shewd,  
When through my Beavir I with heat had blood.

Yet men of armes of wit, and greatest skill,  
Must die at last when deaths pale sisters please,  
But then for honour Fame remaineth still,  
When dead delights in graue shall find their ease:  
Ye long to know the truth in Fraunce I did,  
When from the valians Polands I did ride.

Now honour let me lay me downe againe,  
And on thy pillow rest my wearie head,

The nine worthies of London.

*My passed prayse commends my soule remaine,  
Wherein these rose bowers, with sweet dew fed:  
Though I was valiant, yet my guiltlesse blood,  
In crueltie of warre I neuer stood.*

Thus this aduenturous Partialist hauing exprest the zeale of his conscience towards his Countrey, the toyle and labour hee sustained to better the credite of his first calling, and the perils he waded through to patronage the ancient name of Citizens, he reposed himselfe againe downe by the sides of his noble warre-fellowes.

Thus Fame and *Clio* (the one hauing marked his amiable partes and knightly gesture, the other delineated with her pen the eloquence of his oratour-like Oration) questioning together some fewe poynts, concerning the force of valour, & the vertuous inclination of many obscure persons, that although they lie sepulchred (as it were) without regarde, yet if oportunitie fitte them to reuiue their courage, will (like the Diamond racked out of clay) excell, or at least compare with the brightnesse of glories. Rarest iewels concluded that there was no pernition but by vertue, no climbing to honour but by Fortitude, and none base, abiect and ignoble but the vicious, slouthfull, & faintharted milkesops. They were not wearied, nor seemed these former knights tales tedious vnto them, although many would thinke it a paine to bee tied to the hearing of so large a circumstance, and verie few but would exclaime it were plaine flauerie to write such and so many seuerall conceptes from the mouthes of the speakers. Yet such was their desire to publish these mens deserts, and the delight they cooke to see the increase spring of the seedes of vertue, for they would not take the smallest recreation, till every one of the nine had fully finished their discourses, and therefore they attended when the last would breath the secrets of his breast.

This was a *Pyntice* as the rest, and a Grocer, sometime dwelling in Cornhill, his face was not effeminate, or his parts of a slender or weake constitution, but by his lookes he

### The nine worthies of London.

he seemed couragious, and in the height, strength and faire proportion of his body, victorious. Thus being in al points armed like a champion, the verie aspect of his outwarde abite, made semblance both of manhood and curtesie, wisdom and valour, knit in such a simparchie of speration, that he seemed as much to bee loued for peace, as praised for prowes: and thus with a voyce neyther too meane like a child, nor too big like a gyant, but indifferent betwixt both, he spake as followeth.



### Henry Maleueret Grocer, surnamed Henrie of Cornhill.

**A** Precious cause hath still a rare effect,  
And deedes are greatest when the daungers most,  
It is no care that trauels dooth neglect,  
Nor lone that hath respect to idle cost:  
A Bramble neuer bringeth forth a Rose,  
Where fields are fruitfull there the Lillie grows.

By this coniecture what may be the end,  
Of his defensive force that fought for Christ,  
It is no common matter if we spend  
Both life and goods in quarrell of the best:  
The least desert dooth merit his reward,  
And best employde should haue not worst regard.

No vaine presumption followes my deuise,  
For of my actions it is in vaine to boast,  
Yet with the Pagans I encountred twise  
To winne againe faire Sion that was lost:  
Vnto which warre I was not first to go,  
Twas honours fire that did incense me so.



### The nine worthies of London.

For when the Iewes opprest with heathens pride,  
Of Christian princes craude some friendly ayd,  
In euery Countrey they were flat denide  
Sane that in England here their fate preuailde:  
Such was the furie of intestine strife,  
All Europe sought to spoyle each others life.

And as in London there was order tane  
To make prouision for the holy land,  
My youthfull mind that fearde no forraigne bane,  
Was so admird by might of conquering hand:  
As for a single combats they did see,  
Th'ambassadors made speciall choise of mee.

Then for the Tankerd I did vse to beare  
And other things belonging to mine art,  
Mine hand did weeld Bellonas warlike speare,  
For I was armed in Steele to play my part:  
A long we went to beard our daring foes,  
That soone were queld with terror of our blowes.

I neuer left the field, nor slept secure,  
Vntill I sawe Hierusalem regainde,  
To watch and labour I did still endure,  
What ist that diligence hath not obtainde?  
Yet grudging enuie valour to deface  
By treasons malice brought me in disgrace.

The good that I had done was cleane forgot,  
Ingratitude preuailde agaynst my life,  
And nothing then but exile was my lot,  
Or else abide the stroke of fatall knife:  
For so the ruler of the Iewes concluded,  
His Grace by false reports was much deluded.

There was no striming in a forraigne soyle,  
I tooke it patient thought were causelesse done,

### The nine worthies of London.

*And to auoyde the staine of such a foyle,  
That slaunderous tongues had wickedly begunne,  
Where to the holy well of Iacobs name,  
I found a caue to shroude me from their blame.*

*And though my bodie were within their power,  
Yet was my minde untouched of their hate.  
The valiant faint not, though that fortune lower,  
Nor are they fearefull at controlling fate:  
For in that water none could quench their thirst,  
Except he ment to combat with me first.*

*By that occasion for my pleasures sake,  
I gaue both Knights and Princes heauie strokes,  
The proudest did presume a draught to take  
Was sure to haue his passeport seald with knocks:  
Thus liu'd I till my innocence was knowne,  
And then returnde, the king was pensive growne.*

*And for the wrong which he had offerd me,  
He vowde me greater friendship than before,  
My false accusers lost their libertie,  
And next their lines, I could not challenge more:  
And thus with loue, with honour, and with fame,  
I did returne to London whence I came.*

**T**his valerous champion (hauing here made an end)  
bowed himselfe. Then Fame with her owne hand gent-  
ly laid his head vpon a soft downy pillow wrought with  
gold, and set with pearle, and so leauing him and the rest  
to the happinesse of their swete sleepe, commanded *Clio* to  
claspe vp the booke, wherein she had written the deedes of  
these nine Worthies, and as her leysure s<sup>e</sup> to her pub-  
lish it to the viewe of the world, that euer might read  
their honourable actions, and take example by them to fol-  
low vertue, and aspire to honour, and the rather (quoth she)  
because I would haue malicious mindes that enuye at the  
deserts

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deserts of noble Citizens, by prooffe of these mens worthinesse to repent their contempt, and amend their captious dispositions, seeing that from the beginning of the world, and in all places of the world, Citizens have flourished and beene famous, as in Rome, *Cesar*, in Athens, *Themistocles*, and in Carthage, *Hannibal*, with an infinite number more, that were by birth Citizens, by nature martiall, and by industrie renowned: and so they departed from Elisian: and within a while after, *Clio* according to the charge was given her, sent forth this pamphlet of her Poems.

FINIS.





